

Town, County, and Variety.

Farmers are busy just now. Woodcock shooting is now lawful. "Old Frobs" is liberal with storms. Quarterly Meeting at the M. E. Church in this borough next Sabbath.

The New Milford Post-office has been constituted a Money Order office. There are eighteen prisoners in the county jail at present—seventeen males and one female.

A colored base ball club from Binghamton is expected to play the colored club of this place to-morrow. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company is putting \$3,000,000 worth of improvements on its road.

Hon. G. A. Grow has contributed \$700 to the Soldiers' Monument of this county—having added \$300 of his former subscription of \$500. The new history of Pennsylvania, a newly published book, is being canvassed for in this place, and will be noticed at more length in our next.

The Brooklyn Band, a county institution of which we are proud, fully maintain the good musical reputation for which they are noted. They acted well their part at the Soldiers' Monument dedicatory ceremonies. Ben. Buchanan, of Great Bend, was shot in the ribs, on the Fourth, at that place, by a man by the name of Jacob VanAuken, of Riverside, N. Y. VanAuken is now in the county jail to await trial for the offense.

A very sad accident happened to Gardner Howell, of New Milford, a young man about sixteen years of age, on the morning of the Fourth. Young Howell was sitting near where an anvil was being fired, when it exploded, so injuring one of his legs that it has since been amputated. We are requested by the Monument Committee to tender their thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who so kindly and efficiently assisted them on the late Unveiling Day, both by labor and furnishing supplies, and to assure them that the Committee fully recognize that it is not their fault that financially it was not a greater success than it was.

TERRIBLE STORM.

EDITORS DEMOCRAT.—One of the most terrible and devastating storms of hail, wind and rain that has ever occurred within the memory of the oldest settler, visited this section on the afternoon of July 8d. The first neighborhood reached by this unwelcome visitor was that known as Keitch Hill, on the extreme limits of Rush and Middletown.

Then as if turning off the narrow limits of the valley, it swept back upon the hill, visiting successively Eugene McCarthy, J. C. and G. Graham, James Curran, and others, destroying among other things, a barn belonging to and recently erected by Eugene McCarthy. Then, deviating into the original southeasterly course, passed away towards Auburn and Dimock.

Early in the afternoon might have been observed indications of the approaching storm. Yet so tardy was its coming that it was thought that it must pass around. But instead of this, by delay the elements seemed to be conspiring together to change the face of nature from that of beauty and promise to one wide waste of ruin and disorder.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY IN HARTFORD. It was our fortune to be present at the twenty-eighth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. Lewis Wilmarth and wife, at their home, on Saturday, June 29. We arrived there about noon and found their house filled with brothers, sisters, neighbors and friends, who had come to enjoy the occasion.

REGRETS OF GOV. HARTMAN. The following letter from Governor Hartman explains itself. EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, HARRISBURG, June 25, 1877. DEAR SIR,—I have had the kind invitation of the Monument Association of Susquehanna County, conveyed by your favor of the 23d ult., to be present at the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument at Montrose on July 4th before me, intending, if I should be in the State at that date, to accept the same.

WET CLOTHING. Few persons understand fully the reason why wet clothing exerts such a chilling influence. It is simply this: Water, when it evaporates, carries off an immense amount of heat, in what is called the latent form. One pound in vapor contains as much heat as nine or ten pounds of liquid water and all this heat must, of course be taken from the body.

Fourth of July in Montrose.

INDEPENDENCE AND MONUMENTAL DAY.

An occasion like that which occurred on the one hundred and first anniversary of our nation's birth has never before been experienced by the people of this county, which was not only the observance of the time-honored custom, of respecting the day, but also was made memorable as one on which a beautiful and significant monumental pile was consecrated and appropriately dedicated to the memory of the large number of revered and patriotic dead of Susquehanna county, who gave their lives for their country.

On account of the threatening weather in the morning the number assembled, was greatly diminished from what it otherwise would have been, but as it was, the multitude was enumerated by thousands, and the day and its scenes are indelibly written among the most interesting in the history of our county.

The ceremonies of unveiling the statue took place about 4 o'clock. It was done in the following manner: A pole had been erected on the north side of the structure from which a cord was suspended attached to a large flag which enveloped the figure, and at a given signal, by means of a cord passing through pulleys, four of the Orphan School children hoisted the flag from the statue and drew it to the top of the pole where it floated gaily to the breeze, not only as a National emblem but also in honor of the consummation of a work that should be the pride of every citizen of our county.

THE STATUE. It is an exact imitation of the Gettysburg Soldier on exhibition at the Centennial last year, with the exception that it is seven feet in height instead of thirteen and has its left foot forward instead of the right. It was made of Westerly Rhode Island Granite by the New England Granite Company, of which Messrs. Barnes, Blanding & Co., of Binghamton, N. Y., are part proprietors and is a work that reflects great credit upon them, for it certainly is the climax of beauty to the whole structure.

GOOD NEWS. Notwithstanding complaints about the bug, the potato crop in this State this year will probably be the largest for many years.—Ez.

ROY. GALUSHA A. GROW'S ORATION. Four centuries ago a stranger stood at the gate of a Spanish convent. He begs a crust of bread and a glass of water to relieve the fatigue of a weary journey. Friendless he wanders over Europe in search of a patron for the grand idea that absorbs his soul, too vast to be contained by a single hemisphere.

organized wrong ascends on the prayers of the victim to the throne of eternal justice, and sooner or later comes back in bitter retributions on the head of the wrong doer.

A nation whose people shall practice the great precept, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them" will live forever.

God, in His wisdom, kept the New World a howling wilderness, so that, in the fullness of time, when new principles of action, new social organizations, were to be developed, it could be done on the ashes of the wilderness and the ruins of savage life.

The period of existence allotted to each individual in this world's pilgrimage, is at best but a fleeting shadow on the dialplate of time.

Seven years of bloody conflict ensued, and the Stars and Stripes, twined with the lilacs of France, float out in triumph on the crimsoned fields of Yorktown, and the Young Republic takes its place at the fire-side of nations.

But the huzzans to Liberty are echoed in the wall of the bondman. Three quarters of a century more, and the iron halberd beating on the walls of Sumter again shakes a continent, and the prison doors of the house of bondage are sundered forever.

Grievously the nation sinned; grievously it has atoned. God so ordained in the retribution of His providences, that for the sighs and tears wrung from the bondman, through his ages of sorrow, he exacted the sighs and tears of a nation, mourning its unreturning brave.

National disasters are not the growth of a day but the fruit of long years of injustice and wrong. We are told by theorists on the rise and fall of empires that nations once great and powerful crumbled to decay by reason of the extent of their territory or the vastness of their population.

Any nation will die that incorporates into its institutions, its customs, or its laws, a barbarism that blunts the sense of justice and chills the humanity of its people. Every sigh wrung from crushed humanity by

Had the New World been peopled anterior to the moral earthquake of the Reformation, which shattered the time consecrated formulas of religious ideas, and broke up the prevailing notions as to individual rights and duties, it would have been necessary to demolish the old before testing the new.

It was indispensable that the invention of the mariner's compass should precede the adventurous age, whose spirit led Columbus to brave the perils of an unknown and shoreless waste of waters.

The mission of the homeless Nazarine, with his teachings from the manger to the cross, were, by reason of persecutions by the civil authorities, borne by His faithful disciples, as living witnesses, to the heart of the Roman empire; spread thence through the German forests of our Saxon ancestry, to be by them transplanted to their new homes in the British Isle.

With the shadows of these mighty events hovering around us, we come on this anniversary of the nation's birth to dedicate this monument to the heroic dead, and lay our votive offerings upon their hallowed dust.

Not that blocks of stone or tablets of brass are necessary to perpetuate their memories. They live in the affections of the present, and will live in the gratitude of all time.

Whether on the scaffold high, Or in the army's van, The fittest place for man to die, Is where he dies for man.

As we bedew the grass-grown mounds of our country's fallen heroes with affection's holiest tears, we do it in doubt whether most to mourn or rejoice at their fate. For "If there be on this earthly sphere, A boon, an offering, Heaven holds dear, 'Tis the last liberation liberty draws, From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

Over the Marathons and through the Thermopylae of the world's history, nations have achieved a more glorious mission and the race better development.

NIVEN ITEMS. Now—plenty of rain to make crops grow. Jerry Stephens, proprietor of our hotel, keeps a good house. We have plenty of potato bugs and young grass-hoppers. Our road taxes are about worked out, but the roads are not any too good.

HOW TO MANAGE THE CABBAGE WORM. As this is the season in which farmers and market gardeners are particularly annoyed by the cabbage worm, the following receipt for their complete extermination will be found to be valuable: "Thoroughly mix twenty parts of superphosphate of lime, one part of carbolic powder, and three parts of fresh air-slacked lime. Throw a small quantity of the compound by hand into each head of cabbage. Repeat three or four times or oftener if necessary."